THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, December 27, 1802.

Intereſting Particulars relative to St. Domingo.

THIS iſland, nutwithſtanding the aſſertions of the French government, appears, by the laſt accounts, to be in the moſt perilous ſtate for the intereſt of the firſt conſul. A letter from Port-au-Prince, dated the 19th of October, mentions, that the blacks have obtained ſuch an aſcendancy as to render the whole exertions of Leclerc and his followers the ſubject of regret rather than of ſatisfaction.

The words of this intelligent merchant are—" I have now been ſeveral weeks here, and witneſſed ſcenes of the moſt deplorable calamity. The French lately began a war of extermination. I have ſeen three or four hundred blacks, whom the fortune of war had thrown into the hands of the French, put on board an old crazy veſſel, ordered out to ſea, and after having been ſcuttled, ſunk, when all the miſerable wretches were conſigned to the bottom. I ſaw a fine looking black, cloathed in blue, with ſcarlet facings, on board a French ſhip of war, who, I was given to underſtand, had been one of Touſſaint's field officers, and, ſince the departure of that chief, had been very inſtrumental in cheriſhing that ſpirit of reſiſtance on the part of the blacks, which had diſcomfited the meaſures of the French government. When I aſked what was meant to be done with a man of this diſtinction? I was anſwered, that he had already experienced a very ſummary trial; was ordered to be taken out to a certain diſtance at ſea, and after tying a large ſtone round his neck, to be ſunk!

" I attended next morning this inhuman ceremony. The priſoner was ſent out in an open boat to the place of deſtination, when he was plunged into eternity in the manner deſcribed; after which the men ordered on this diſgraceful expedition re-

turned to their ſhip with much cool indifference—I ſuppoſe ariſing from habit.

" Since my arrival here, I have ſeveral times attempted in vain to penetrate into the interior of the country. The diſtant ſcenery is the moſt beautiful, perhaps, which fancy can conceive, although it is chequered with the lamentable ravages of war. Leclerc has loſt more than three-fourths of his army ; and Admiral Latouche himſelf, who, by the bye, claims kindred to the Latouches of Dublin, acknowledged, that reinforcements of leſs than thirty thouſand men would not produce the deſired effect. I am, however, of opinion, that an additional thirty thouſand men would not reduce the blacks, provided they acted on the defenſive only, as the climate would atchieve more than the bayonet or the cannon.

" The negroes, notwithſtanding they are admirably organized as a military force, may certainly be ſubjugated ; but the climate is invincible. Some days ago, I dined with a company of thirty French officers, all of whom, with the exception of five only, fell by the climate alone in the courſe of four days. Madame Leclerc has experienced ſo many inconveniences, and ſuffered ſo many alarms, that ſhe has ſeveral times written home to her brother, the firſt conſul, for Leclerc's recal. She has, however, never received any ſatisfactory anſwer.

" The laſt time diſpatches arrived from St. Cloud, Leclerc was conſoled by the promiſe of a reinforcement of twenty thouſand men, but they have not as yet made their appearance. The French are conſequently in a ſtate of fear and deſperation, as they expect every moment a general attack on the part of the blacks, who have often of late dared their invaders to a pitched battle. The French are, however, too few in numbers to accept the challenge, and are determined to avoid a conteſt in the open field, till the arrival of the reinforcements promiſed.

" The blacks have begun to inflict on their priſoners the ſame ſummary puniſhment as that adopted by the French troops. Many are therefore killed in cold blood, and ſome have been drowned. Such a ſtate of warfare, when the combatants give no quarter, as is the caſe here now, muſt be ſhocking to every man who is actuated by the ſmalleſt portion of humanity. On both ſides they butcher their priſoners, and conſequently excite new antipathies and new ravages. The blacks march with cannon in their van, and fire and ſword in their rear. Every ſtep is marked with blood and devaſtation ; and the French exerciſe acts of the moſt barbarous vengeance in their turn on the blacks. Three ſmall towns, within twelve miles of this place, have been reduced to aſhes, and every white man, woman, and child, conſigned either to the flames or to the cannon. It is reported, that a general maſſacre of the whites has been determined on by the blacks. If ſo, the conſequences muſt be dreadful.

" To

" To convince you of the great aſcendancy of the blacks, even in mercantile tranſactions, I have only to ſtate, that they are actually in poſſeſſion of all the ready money in this once flouriſhing iſland. A white merchant is obliged to give you bills at very diſtant dates, but a black merchant preſents you with immediate payment. The French having very little credit and leſs money, are obliged frequently to take by ſtealth the neceſſary ſupplies of proviſions, ammunition, &c. &c. The Americans, and ſome few Engliſh, adminiſter to the wants of both the blacks and their enemies.

" I am aſſured that Touſſaint, who is by no means the able general or intelligent man repreſented, broke his parole, was conſequently enſnared, and ſeized as a criminal. A party of French officers, to whom he was known, learning his lurking place, ſent him notice, that, with his permiſſion, they would dine with him on a certain day; and that he need not take any pains as to the entertainment, the officers making a liberal allowance for temporary inconveniences. They promiſed alſo to communicate ſomething of much importance to his happineſs. Touſſaint received them with great frankneſs and hoſpitality, uſing every exertion to render the dinner as engaging as poſſible. The Frenchmen expreſſed the moſt perfect ſatisfaction—drank freely of wine at dinner, and ſeveral glaſſes after—when, to the aſtoniſhment of Touſſaint, they told him, that he was their priſoner, that all reſiſtance was in vain, and that the few black troops who acted as his guards, were already ſubdued by a detachment of French ſoldiers. Touſſaint, at whoſe very name ſome months before a Frenchman trembled, was now reduced to the neceſſity of ſubmiſſion. They mounted him on a horſe, tied his legs under the belly, and thus, accompanied by his wife and all his family, led him into the moſt abject ſtate of captivity. When he arrived at the ſea-ſide, they hurried him and his wife, &c. &c. on board a frigate. Their fate is, ere now, better known to you than to us in St. Domingo.

" Whatever you in England fooliſhly imagine, you may depend upon it, that all the blacks in Jamaica, and the other Weſt India iſlands, are now anxiouſly waiting for news of the ſucceſs of their brethren of St. Domingo, as the ſignal of a general revolt. The eſtabliſhment of a black republic in the latter place would ſanction the ſpirit of inſurrection, and overturn all the property of the white people. But that ſuch may not be the conſequence, is the ſincere wiſh of your's," &c. &c.

Curious REASON *for not going to* CHURCH.

THE celebrated Malherbe dined one day with the archbiſhop of Rouen, who was famous for being a tedious and dull

preacher. Dinner was ſcarcely over before Malherbe fell aſleep, but was awakened by the prelate, and invited to go and hear him preach. " I beſeech your grace," ſaid Malherbe, " to excuſe me ; I can ſleep exceedingly well *where I am!*"

PAMROSE; *or, the* PALACE *and the* COT.

(Continued from Page 488.*)*

IN the mean while, Herman's little girl, in ſpite of the profeſſor's predictions, very ſoon recovered, and continued in full health. Nothing could ſurpaſs her freſhneſs of colour, her beauty, and her natural gracefulneſs. As ſoon as ſhe was three years old, Amelia took her to herſelf, and named her Pamroſe. All this was ſeverely criticiſed in the Baroneſs Klakenberg's circle. " What, I wonder, is to be done with this little girl? What do they mean to make of her," repeated the baroneſs, ſhrugging up her ſhoulders. While this party was thus judiciouſly diſapproving of Amelia's conduct, the amiable princeſs followed the bent of her beneficent inclinations, and troubled herſelf very little about what any one might think or ſay.

She was the mother of two boys, one of the ſame age with Pamroſe, and another, named Frederic, who was twelve years old. The latter, notwithſtanding all Amelia's remonſtrances, was already a ſpoiled child. The prince conceived it conſiſtent with his dignity, to diſdain Amelia's advice on this head—" I will have my ſons brought up," ſaid he, " in my principles!" and, at the ſame time, he had neither principles, nor ideas, to help him forward with ſuch a determination: for he did not, in the leaſt, trouble himſelf with the education of his children, but intruſted them, ſolely, to the care of Frederic's preceptor, and never ſo much as aſked a ſingle queſtion reſpecting his pupil. The preceptor had the ſame confidence in his ſub-tutor: and this man depended, in equal degree, on an ignorant and fawning valet, who thus became, in fact, the young prince's only inſtructor.

Amelia conſecrated the ſpot where the mother of Pamroſe was found in a dying condition. She ordered a little cottage to be built, about a hundred yards from the place, in the middle of a ſmall meadow, in which ſhe put two cows. The cot was given to a poor but honeſt family of peaſants, penſioned by the princeſs; who were ſtrictly enjoined, by her, to viſit frequently, in the courſe of every day, the ſtone on which the poor woman had ſat; and in caſe they ſhould meet with any fatigued and indigent travellers, to carry them a cup of milk. The worthy and tender Herman obtained permiſſion of Amelia to plant, by the ſide of the elm that overhung the ſtone, a cypreſs, and a roſe-

tree,

tree, affecting emblems of Pamroſe and her mother. The ſpot was called, "The Rock of Hoſpitality."

Pamroſe, inſtructed in the duty which ſhe owed her virtuous parent, frequently went to ſee him: nor were thoſe the leaſt agreeable hours of her life which ſhe paſſed in Herman's cottage. Her father had an elder brother, who, having made a moderate fortune in trade, had been two years returned from England, and had taken up farming, having bought, in Herman's neighbourhood, a very good farm, to which he had retired with his family, conſiſting of two children, a daughter of the age of Pamroſe, and a boy much older. Pamroſe never played in the palace with the young princes, or with the daughters of the ladies about court, for theſe had forbidden their children to aſſociate with a peaſant's child. Hence ſhe found the time paſs but heavily in a ſplendid drawing-room. At the cottage, however, when ſhe ſprung into the arms of her father, and embraced her little couſin William and his ſiſter, ſhe no longer felt herſelf at a loſs, for William was ſure to have ſome flowers and fruits, and a thouſand little preſents, in readineſs for her againſt ſhe came, and would join her, in all her ſports, ſo merrily and ſo willingly, that nature taught her, without the aid of any moral or philoſophick ſentiment, to perceive how much more happy hours were to be found in a cottage, than in a palace!—an opinion this, which ſtrengthened with her growth. When Pamroſe had arrived at the age of fourteen, her benefactreſs, of whom ſhe was paſſionately fond, often confided to her the ſorrow which wrung her heart, when ſhe thought of her children. Pamroſe poſſeſſed an admirable underſtanding, and a very feeling heart. She ſaw that Amelia was not more happy as a mother than as a wife: and when ſhe thought, with grief, on the ſituation of this charming princeſs, and compared it with that of her aunt, the ſiſter-in-law of Herman—who, beloved by her huſband and her children, and happy in the boſom of her family, preſented to her view a picture of the pureſt earthly felicity—the heart of Pamroſe would often whiſper her—"Happineſs inhabits not the ſumptuous dome; but, far withdrawn from the views and envious wiſhes of the many, takes up her abode with innocence and ſimplicity, under the peaceful roof of the humble cottager."

Pamroſe never attended at any of the ceremonies or public galas of the court; but, ſometimes, was preſent at the private parties of the princeſs. Her beauty already ſtruck all eyes with admiration: for, in her, perſonal charms were blended with every attractive grace and rare accompliſhment. Hitherto ſhe had never enjoyed her father's ſociety, except in the caſual viſits which ſhe had been permitted to pay him, becauſe all her mornings had been taken up with her different maſters: but now ſhe was fifteen, ſhe had fewer leſſons to receive; and being fond of reading,

reading, and of recurring to the various arts ſhe had been taught, ſhe was able to ſtudy, by herſelf, with advantage. Amelia, therefore, allowed her every week to paſs two or three days with her father, at his cottage. Herman had fitted up for her, with much neatneſs and ſimplicity, a ſmall apartment, next to his own, where ſhe found a piano-forte, a harp, and ſome books. Whenever Pamroſe ſtaid at the cottage, ſhe left her fine clothes and jewels behind her at the palace. The portrait of Amelia was the only ornament ſhe retained: and ſhe ſubſtituted, for the dreſs of luxury, a peaſant's jacket, a white petticoat, and a ſtraw hat, a dreſs which diſplayed the beautiful ſymmetry of her figure to the greateſt advantage. For charming as ſhe appeared, when attired in her rich Joſeph, and her other court habiliments, ſhe was beyond expreſſion ſo when ſeen in her village habit. Never had any village laſs ſo delicate a complexion, ſo intereſting a countenance, as her's: ſo ſoft, ſo white, her hands; ſo graceful all her manners! ſhe was a ſhepherdeſs, ſuch as Virgil or Geſner might have ſung. At her father's cot, ſhe was ſure to meet all the family aſſembled to receive her. Her uncle and aunt, and her two couſins, Anna and William, the latter of whom was in his twentieth year. Herman felt all the intereſt of a father, for this young man, and took his education on himſelf. William was fond of farming, and often worked in the fields, but always ſpent the long winter evenings in reading. He knew ſomething of muſic, as moſt of the German peaſants do, and played on the flute in a very accurate and pleaſing ſtyle. If Pamroſe was expected at the cot, he never failed to gather the moſt beautiful flowers of his father's parterre, and carry them to his uncle's houſe, to deck his couſin's chamber; and, knowing that ſhe was fond of birds, he conſtructed a little aviary in Herman's garden. In ſhort, William paid every attention to his couſin. His manners were naturally gentle and refined; his face was intereſting and his heart was fraught with the pureſt principles, and livelieſt ſenſibility. Pamroſe loved William, and the good Anna, with the ſentiments of a ſiſter. Accuſtomed to regard the former as her brother, from her tendereſt infancy, ſhe never felt that timid reſerve, when with him, which ſhe experienced in the company of other young men of William's age: but he had, for ſome time, been more diſtant, and leſs lively, in his conduct toward her, than he was uſually wont to be. Pamroſe, however, did not perceive this alteration; becauſe he ſtill continued to be equally attentive and complaiſant to her. She generally went to the cottage on a Saturday, to paſs with her father's family the day appropriated to univerſal reſt. On the Sunday they all went to church together, both morning and afternoon, to pay their grateful homage to the God of their lives.

How little does the buſy world, even the moſt pious part of it, know how ſweet thoſe duties of devotion are to the ſoul of the villager! Men muſt always be happy, when they aſſemble together; ſo long as they are ſenſible that the ſame feelings, and the ſame opinions, are the cauſe of their meeting: they then regard each other with that mutual good will, and friendly intereſt, which are equally gratifying to the heart, as ſatisfying to their own ſelf-reference. This, however, is a ſpecies of enjoyment, that is ſcarcely any where to be met with, but in a country church. For how intereſting an object muſt the pariſh church be to the ruſtic! There it is that he receives the firſt leſſons of virtue! at that altar he is married! at that font his children are baptized! in that choir it was, that, in his younger days, he ſo loved to ſing! from that ſpot he continues to lift up his ſoul in prayer! within its ſacred walls he forms his firſt hopes of Heaven, and firſt taſtes the conſolations of religion!

We ſoon become diſſatisfied with pleaſures which ſtrict morality condemns; but we never feel ourſelves fatigued with thoſe which we regard as ſacred duties, and remember as ſo many good actions. The attendance on religious ceremonies refines the peaſant's mind, and affords a pleaſing occupation for his leiſure hours: the annual feaſts of the church form the material epochs of his life. The children of the village who, with their little brows bound with garlands of roſes, follow in the train of the numerous proceſſions; the aged matrons and fathers of thoſe children contemplating them with ſecret joy; the young women, who beſtrew the altars with flowers, decorate the public ſhrines, form the holy mangers, and aſſemble to chaunt their carols: theſe, all of them, experience ſenſations far more delightful than any which ariſe from our profane public feaſts, that ſo ſoon diſguſt and pall the ſenſe!

Ye philoſophers of the preſent day, have you ever thought at all of this?—I believe not; but thoſe who are the true friends of human nature know that they ought to weigh ſuch ſubjects well!

Whenever Pamroſe left the cottage to return to the palace, ſhe was conſtantly attended by William and Anna; but William, for more than a year, would not go on to the palace; and, without giving any reaſon for his caprice, perſiſted in ſtopping at the Rock of Hoſpitality. The good Anna, who accompanied Pamroſe without him, was always ſure to find him, on her return, ſeated on the ſtone cloſe to the roſe-tree, and immerſed in the deepeſt thought.

(To be continued.)

ACCOUNT

ACCOUNT *of* KAIRA.

[From Kendal's Tranſlation of Denon's Travels.]

DURING M. Denon's ſtay at Kaira he extended his reſearches throughout this ſuperb city, this holy city, great among the great; this delight of the imagination, the ſplendours and opulence of which call forth the ſmile of the prophet: for ſuch are the terms in which it is ſpoken of by the orientals. In point of fact he ſaw an innumerable population, and extenſive ſpaces for paſſengers: but not a ſingle fine ſtreet, not a ſingle beautiful building. There is a vaſt place, with the air of a field, called Lelbequier, wherein General Bonaparte reſided: This, at the time of the inundation, had in it ſomething agreeable, on account of its coolneſs, and the parties made on it at night in barges. The palaces of Kaira, with encircled walls, ſadden more than they embelliſh the ſtreets. The habitations of the poor, ſtill more neglected here than any where elſe, add to what is diſtreſſing in the ſight of miſery in all places, all the privations and negligence which the climate peculiarly permits. The obſerver is inceſſantly tempted to aſk, where are the habitations of the four-and-twenty ſovereigns*? When, however, he has penetrated theſe ſpecies of fortreſſes, he finds ſome conveniencies, ſome refinement of luxury; fine marble baths; voluptuous ſloves; moſaic chambers, in the midſt of which are baſons of water and fountains; mattraſſes covered with rich ſtuffs, and ſurrounded with magnificent cuſhions: theſe divans commonly occupy the three ſides of the room.

The windows, where there are any, never open: and the light which they admit is dimmed by coloured glaſs, within very cloſely reticulated grates: the principal light uſually enters from a dome in the center of the ceiling. The orientals, ſtrangers to all the uſes we make of light, care very little for procuring it. Generally ſpeaking, every thing they admire is favourable to repoſe: as, divans, on which one is rather laid than ſeated, on which one is at eaſe, and from which it is troubleſome to move garments, of which the lower parts are petticoats, by which the legs are confined; large ſleeves which fall eight inches below the fingers' end; a turban with which it is impoſſible to bow the head; a habit of holding in one hand a pipe with the vapour of which the brain is intoxicated, and in the other a roſary of which the beads are paſſed between the fingers; all this deſtroys activity, deſtroys imagination: they think without an object; without reliſh, do the ſame thing every day; and finiſh with having lived, without having endeavoured to vary the monotony of their exiſtence.

* The beys are twenty-four in number.

The manners of ſuch as are obliged to labour are not very different from thoſe of the rich. Accuſtomed to expect from their induſtry nothing beyond the ordinary routine, they never exert themſelves with that hope. They never invent a method of doing better, nor ſeek for that which is invented; and they always reject any in which they are obliged to ſtand, a poſition for which they have the greateſt averſion, The joiner, the lock-ſmith, the carpenter, the farrier, all work ſitting; even the maſon raiſes a minaret without being ever on his legs. Like ſavages, they ſeldom uſe more than one tool. One is quite aſtoniſhed at what they are capable of doing; and one would be diſpoſed to believe them ingenious if, adhering conſtantly to uſage, they did not ſoon force one to think that, like the inſect whoſe workmanſhip we admire, they are guided by an inſtinct from which they cannot ſtray.

But is it not deſpotiſm which, commanding always, recompenſing never, is the ſource and permanent cauſe of this ſtagnation of induſtry? In upper Egypt, the Arabian artificers, at a diſtance from their maſters, ſought the French military manufacturers, worked with them,and, certain of adequate wages, laboured to give ſatisfaction, recommencing their toil when they had committed miſtakes: they looked with enthuſiaſm at the operation of the windmill, and gazed on the effects of the rammer with tranſports of admiration; a ſecret ſentiment of indolence inſpired, perhaps, this admiration for two machines which aſſiſted the heavieſt labours neceſſity has impoſed upon them; that of raiſing water and forming banks to retain it. They build as little as they can help; they never repair any thing. If a wall threatens to tumble, it is left to do ſo. There are ſtill ſome rooms in the houſe; and they lay the ruins on one ſide. At length, the whole building falls; and in this caſe they abandon the ſcite; or, if they are obliged to clear it, they carry the rubbiſh as ſhort a diſtance as poſſible: it is this latter practice which has raiſed around every town in Egypt, and particularly Kairo, not eminences, but mountains, by which the eyes of the traveller is aſtoniſhed, and for which he is at firſt unable to account.

There are ſome conſiderable ſtructures in Kaira, which ſhould probably be attributed to the times of the khalifs, ſuch as the palace of Joſeph, the well of Joſeph and the granaries of Joſeph, of which all travellers have ſpoken, and concerning which ſome have preſerved the popular tradition which attributes them to the prudent care of Joſeph of Potiphar; but to confirm this, it would be neceſſary to ſhow that Kaira is as old as Memphis*,

* According to the Arabian MSS. Kaira was built by Jeuhar, a Greek, who, in the year 968, was ſent by Abû-Tammin to beſiege Egypt,

and that in the age of this patriarch there were already ruins in the neighbourhood of the city, ſince theſe edifices have been built with the remains of others ſtill more ancient†. In a word, theſe buildings bear all the marks which diſtinguiſh every thing the moſlems have erected in this country; that is to ſay, they are a mixture of magnificence, meanneſs, and ignorance. The aqueduct, which brings water from old Kairo to the caſtle over four thouſand two hundred and forty yards of ground, would be a ſtructure worthy of remark, if, in the courſe of its extent it did not exhibit the ſame incongruous aſſembly.

The caſtle, irregularly built, and without any real means of defence, has nevertheleſs ſome parts advantageouſly diſpoſed. In it is lodged, or rather confined, the paſha. The only chamber remarkable in his apartments is that of the divan, where the beys are aſſembled, and which has often witneſſed the bloody ſcenes of this tempeſtuous government. Here, alſo, is ſeen the well of Joſeph, cut in a rock, of nearly three hundred feet in depth, and of which all the particulars have been given by Norden. In its plan, the palace of Joſeph is a fine conception: the admiration of the obſerver is commanded by the application made by the Arabian architects of the antique fragments which they have employed in its conſtruction, and the addreſs with which they have often mingled ornaments after their own taſte.

Now that the moſlems have exhauſted the columns of ancient Egypt, and continue to raiſe moſks without demoliſhing thoſe which are in ruins, they employ the Franks to bring them new ones by the dozen. The latter purchaſe them at Carara, of all ſizes. The moſlems ſurround their aſtragals with circles of iron, and ſet them under the arches of the porticoes of their moſks. The Saracenic ornaments which riſe above theſe columns, the ſtyle of which is a paltry Grecian, compoſe a mixture of architecture the moſt deteſtable that can be imagined. The minarets and the tombs are the only fabrics in which the Arabian ſtyle is preſerved with integrity; and if in this there be not found that which ought to be the beauty of architecture, aſſuring

Egypt, in which enterpriſe he ſucceeded. The founder had deſired the buildings to be begun under the horoſcope or aſcendant of the planet Mars, called by the Arabs, Kahir, or the conqueror; whence it was ſtyled Kahira or Kaira.—See Travels in Africa by W. G. Browne.

† "The mint is fixed in the caſtle, built by the celebrated Yuſſuf [Joſeph] Abû Moddafar-ibin Aiûb, whoſe title of honour was Salaheddin [or Selah-êl din, the Saladin of the cruſades] in the ſixth century of Mohammediſm. The people of the country, who are in the habit of confounding all hiſtory and chronology, attribute it to Joſeph the ſon of Iſaac, whoſe palace they ſay it was; but it is unneceſſary to confute an opinion wholly unſupported by facts."—Browne's Travels in Africa.

aſſuring ſolidity; there is at leaſt obſerved with pleaſure ornaments which produce richneſs without heavineſs, and an elegance ſo complete in all its parts, that it never excites the idea of inſipidity or meanneſs. The cemetry of the mamluks affords examples: on leaving the maſſes of Kaira, we are perfectly ſurpriſed at beholding another city, built entirely of white marble, in which the edifices, compoſed of columns ſurmounted by domes, or painted palankins, ſculptured and gilt, form an elegant and cheerful aſſemblage. There wants nothing but trees, to render this funereal retreat a ſcene of delight.

Extraordinary ESCAPE *from* SLAVERY.

IN the year 1739, one William Oakley was taken on board the ſhip Mary, of London, by a pirate veſſel, and carried captive to Algiers. He had the good fortune to have a kind maſter, and being truſted with a ſum of money to trade with, kept a ſhop, and ſold ſtrong waters, tobacco, &c. out of the profits of which he was only obliged to give his maſter a certain ſum weekly. However, not being able to bear the thoughts of ſlavery, he was continually projecting how to make his eſcape; and judging ſeven perſons would be enough to manage and carry on the deſign, he opened his mind to John Anthony, a carpenter, who had been a ſlave fourteen years; William Adams, who, during eleven years ſlavery, had learnt brick-making; John Jeplis, a ſailor, who had been captive five years; and to another carpenter, who had likewiſe been a ſlave five years. There were two more, whoſe buſineſs it was to waſh clothes by the ſea ſide, who had a ſhare in carrying on the work, though they did not go with them.

Theſe perſons, having fixed their reſolution to attempt an eſcape, provided a piece of timber, about twelve feet long, to make the keel of a boat, which was to be wrought in Okeley's cellar; they then took care of timber or ribs, every one of which was made of three pieces, and joined in two places, in ſuch a manner, that each joint being faſtened by two nails, in holes ſo contrived for that purpoſe, would make an obtuſe angle, and ſo incline as near a ſemi-circular form as occaſion required. For the clothing of the naked ribs of their boat inſtead of boards, they bought as much ſtrong canvaſs as would cover it twice over upon the convex of the careen; alſo as much pitch, tar, and tallow, as would make it a kind of tarpawlin ſearcloth, with earthen pots to melt their materials in.

Their boat being fitted up in this manner, and then taken in pieces again, the next difficulty was how to convey it out of town, and hide the pieces in a ſecure place. It was, however not without danger of diſcovery, at length, carried out by

pieces, and hid at the bottom of a hedge, near the ſea-ſide, whither they had likewiſe conveyed a piece of canvaſs for a ſail, and a pair of oars, ſuch as they were, made of a couple of pipe ſtaves. For proviſions they laid up a ſmall quantity of bread, and had two leather bags or bottles filled with water. Every thing being thus ready, they appointed their rendezvous at a young fig tree, near where the pieces of their boat were concealed. Repairing thither at night, they ſoon got it up together, and added the young fig tree, which they cut down to ſtrengthen her keel. They bound ſmall canes all along the ribs lengthwiſe, to keep them from veering, and to keep out the canvas ſtiff; and the ribs were faſtened to the top of the keel and in the joints, with rope-yards and ſmall cords, to keep them firm and ſtaple. They laſtly drew on her double canvaſs caſe, and then four of them carried her on their ſhoulders to the ſea-ſide. There they immediately ſtripped ſtark naked, and putting their clothes into the boat, carried her as far as they could wade, into the ſea, and then all ſeven got into her: but they were no ſooner embarked, than they found they had not proportioned their veſſel to the burthen ſhe was to carry, and that ſhe was ready to ſink under them. Two of them were therefore obliged to return to their ſlavery, and with the other five ſhe ſeemed to bear up very well.

The 30th of June, theſe bold adventurers launched out in the manner above deſcribed; and they worked very hard that night to be out of ſight of the ſhips which lay in the harbour before day. The next day they were ſenſible of their little forecaſt, with regard to their proviſions. For their bread was ſoaked through with ſalt water, and their freſh water became ſo nauſeous by their bags having likewiſe lain in ſalt water, that they preferred their urine to it. They made ſhift with their bread, ſpoiled as it was, three days, in which time the wind was ſo contrary, that they made very little way. One of them had a pocket-dial, which they ſteered by in the day time, and in the night they were guided by the motion of the ſtars. But their greateſt plague was, by day, the heat of the ſun, for which they had no other remedy (though by the bye the remedy was worſe than the diſeaſe) but for the fifth man, while the other four were rowing, to ſcoop out the ſalt water which gathered at the bottom of the boat, and throw it upon their naked bodies to cool them. This, with the heat of the ſun, ſo bleached, and at the ſame time ſo pickled them, that they roſe all over in bliſters, which cauſed them exceeding great pain.

In this wretched condition, they continued four days and four nights, and were ſo brought to the brink of deſpair, that they laid by the oars, and left off all labour. The fifth, they diſcovered a tortoiſe not far from them aſleep on the ſea, and having ſilently rowed to the prey, they took her into the boat, with great triumph, cut off her head, and having let her bleed

into

into a pot, drank the blood, eat the liver, and ſucked the fleſh, which proved a very great refreſhment to them. About noon they diſcovered land, and laboured hard to get at it; but being at length tired, they took a little repoſe in their boat, and then renewing their diligence, towards evening diſcovered another iſland. The firſt they ſaw was Majorca, and towards that they reſolved to make. They rowed very hard all night, kept within ſight of it all the next day, which was the ſeventh after their putting to ſea, and about ten at night got under the iſland; but the rocks were ſo ſteep and craggy that they were not able to climb up. At length they found a convenient place, where they thruſt in their weather-beaten boat, and got ſafe aſhore. They got with ſome difficulty to the town of Majorca, where the Spaniards kindly relieved them. From thence they got their paſſage by ſea to Cadiz, and ſo with Captain Smith, of Rotherhithe, to London, where they arrived in the month of September, and in this perilous manner gained their liberty.

Journal of two Days of the Life of a Lady of Paris.

The following trifle will probably amuſe ſome of our gayer readers. It exhibits no unfaithful repreſentation of faſhionable life at Paris. It is a tranſlation from a French journal.

THE 20th of Auguſt, eight in the morning.—I awoke, ſtill ſenſible of conſiderable fatigue from the ball of laſt night. My ſleep had been much diſturbed. Where could little G—— get that veil which ſhe wore, and that egret of jewels?—It is plain that M. M—— pays his addreſſes to his couſin. I am rather afraid, that when he preſſed my hand, I returned the preſſure.—The ball was ſuperbly magnificent.—All was new, ſumptuous, ſplendid.—I muſt poſitively change both my jeweller and my man-milliner.

Ten o'clock. I rang the bell twice or thrice before my waiting-maid would make her appearance. When ſhe came, I ſcolded her for awaking me at ſo early an hour. She opened the ſaſh toward the garden. The gardener was ſinging; and ſo was a linnet. I hate the joy of ſuch creatures. I bade her inſtantly ſhut the window. I aſked for a book. M. Fauvée's laſt romance was brought. He makes me always yawn; but he is at leaſt no philoſopher . . . I read a few lines . . . . My breakfaſt was brought in . . . Every thing execrably bad!—I ſhall go to Boulogne wood to eat freſh eggs: and I will go on horſeback . . . A meſſage was brought from my huſband, that he was going to ſtop payment, and wiſhed to ſpeak with me . . . He does always chooſe his time ſo ill! . . . The horſes were ready. But Verville, who was to have gone with me, did not come. I was out

of

of humour all the way. The freſh eggs I found deteſtably bad. On my return, my horſe ſtumbled. I have, therefore, diſmiſſed my groom with his three children, for his negligence in not mounting me on my favourite eaſy pad.

Three o'clock. My huſband now wiſhed again to ſpeak with me. But, the jeweller had come: and him I could not make wait. I talked of diſmiſſing him. He preſented his bill: and I ordered a box of jewels thrice as rich as that which I poſſeſs; upon which, we parted the beſt friends in the world. The man-milliner came next. He has promiſed a turban, of a faſhion which has never before appeared, for me to wear at the entertainment I am to give this evening. I have pardoned him my diſappointment of yeſterday.

Four o'clock. I went to ſee the pictures. But, except a few miniatures all was inſipid, or ſhockingly diſguſting.

Five o'clock, I returned home, after purchaſing at one faſhionable ſhop, a ſuit of hangings, and a carpet at another. I found my huſband much out of ſpirits. He was beginning to ſpeak of my ſon's illneſs: but I requeſted him to put aſide his ſulkineſs, and appear as he ought, at our entertainment in the evening.

Seven o'clock. We have had at dinner, the company of wits, great eaters, and vaſtly tireſome. I retreated to my cabinet: and a young man followed me: but company came in. I went to my toilette: my women were never more awkward. I tried on four dreſſes; and, at laſt, decided on wearing that which was preciſely the ugliеſt. I looked frightfully ill.

Half paſt nine. I have been at the play. I ſaw the curtain drop. But every thing they repreſent is now quite low, and fit to be ſeen only by the vierieſt vulgar. Somebody ſaid, that the new actreſs had talents. I for my part took no concern, whether or not.

At eleven. I began to receive company at home. What a delightful crowd! But there were ſo many whom I knew, and ſo many whom I knew not, that I was quite oppreſſed with fatigue. Some, methought, looked on me with a titter of contempt. . . . At play I loſt a great deal. . . . My huſband did not ſeem at all in a gay humour. There was as little gayety in my heart as in his. But ſuch entertainments muſt be given, if one would live in the world. I was never happier than when this of mine was at an end. I think I never found a day half ſo long as this.

September 20. Journal for the day. I had an agreeable night, though I was twice obliged to riſe on account of my little daughter. At ſeven in the morning I took a walk in the garden with my huſband. Never was the morning air more freſh and delicious: never was my huſband more amiable. He talked, without anxiety, of his buſineſs and his children. I ſaid no-

thing of my pleaſures: and I felt myſelf very happy. We breakfaſted alone; and enjoyed our breakfaſt with the trueſt reliſh. At eight, I made my houſe-ſteward give me in his accounts for the week: and when I had inſpected them, paid all; and gave him a gratuity for his economy and accuracy. At nine, I read ſome of Lafontaine's fables to my daughter. At ten, I received an old friend whom I had not ſeen theſe two years, but whom I eaſily recollected. We talked a great deal of my huſband, and of my children and their education. He propoſed a walk to ſee my ſon at his boarding-ſchool. The poor child did not at firſt recollect me: but I embraced him with all a mother's kindneſs. I enquired particularly concerning his diet and education: and I mean to go to ſee him often: and hope never again to find him at a loſs to know me. At three, I was ſeated at my piano: my daughter was ſoon at my ſide, and appeared to liſten with delight, while I played. At four, I was dreſſed for dinner. At the firſt courſe, we all eat heartily; at the ſecond, we talked briſkly: at the third, we laughed gayly. At ſix, we drank coffee in the garden. At ſeven, we went to the theatre. We were at home by eleven, and went quietly to reſt.

Mode of Life of his Majeſty King George the Third at Windſor.

THE private life of his majeſty not being generally known, it may be intereſting to obſerve that he is an early riſer, and a conſtant attendant every day at eight o'clock on divine ſervice, which is performed in the king's chapel, in the upper court. Except on the days on which public buſineſs calls him to London, he generally rides out till dinner in the great park, to his farm, accompanied by ſome of the princeſſes on horſeback, or in their ſociables. He dines at half after four on plain beef or mutton, hot or cold, as the dinner never waits, and at a quarter after ſix makes his appearance on the terrace, attended by his amiable, accompliſhed, and beautiful daughters, and occaſionally by one or other of his ſons: and here he promenades for an hour, occaſionally ſtopping and chatting with thoſe perſons of whom he has any knowledge.

Notwithſtanding the affectation of numerous guards in London, his majeſty is always unguarded at Windſor; and he appears to give his ſubjects full and liberal credit for that degree of loyalty, which a king, who is governed by the law of the land, is always ſure to experience.

There is nothing different in his majeſty's public appearance on foot from what it was before the late war, except the ungraceful attendance of two police officers, who pace at a ſhort diſtance from his perſon, one before and the other behind him, and

who

who keep back, at a ſuitable diſtance, all perſons that appear to entertain an intention of direct intruſion.

His majeſty indulges in his well-founded partiality for Gothic architecture, and is rendering the ſtyle of his magnificent caſtle more uniform, by altering ſeveral of the windows, and rebuilding a new and very taſteful entrance into the ſtate apartments. Under his patronage, St. George's chapel has been rendered, by various embelliſhments, one of the moſt beautiful places for divine worſhip in Chriſtendom.

In ſhort, to Britiſh ſubjects and foreigners, Windſor muſt be in all reſpects a moſt agreeable place for a viſit, or a ſhort reſidence; the caſtle, the terrace, the royal family, and the ſurrounding country, are objects which cannot fail to gratify every variety of taſte.

Character of Rear-Admiral Edward Ruſſell, Earl of Orford.

[By a contemporary Hand.]

HE was a brother's ſon of the late duke of Bedford, and bred up to ſea, was captain of a ſhip in the reign of Charles the Second, and a groom of the bedchamber to the duke of York; but upon my Lord Ruſſell's being beheaded, he left firſt the duke of York's family, and at the revolution came over with King William.

He commanded the fleet when the French were burnt at La Hogue, as alſo the grand fleet that wintered at Cadiz in Spain; was made a peer by the name of the Earl of Orford, and often of the cabinet, and one of the lords juſtices in the king's abſence.

No gentleman was ever better beloved by the Engliſh ſailors than he was, when he had firſt the command of the fleet; but he ſoon loſt all by his pride, paſſion, and coveteouſneſs. He was a good patron to thoſe who depended immediately upon him, and loved to be flattered, but irreconcileable to thoſe whom he ſuſpected in any other intereſt; this created him a great many enemies in the parliament, as well as the navy. They called him to account for the adminiſtration of the navy in the Mediterranean, and the king ſaved him by a privy ſeal. He was one of the four lords impeached for the partition, and thrown out of all his employments.

Since the queen's acceſſion to the throne, he has been little taken notice of; nor is he pitied by people of his own profeſſion. He has purchaſed a vaſt eſtate, and knows well how to improve it.

He has a very good underſtanding, but very paſſionate—of a ſanguine complexion, inclining to fat—middle ſtature—was always in the intereſt of the people by his votes in both houſes—near fifty years old.

AN ANECDOTE.

AS the following anecdote is highly intereſting in itſelf, and honourable to the high perſonage of whom it is recorded, it will, no doubt, prove acceptable to our readers:

After the concluſion of the peace with America, when Mr. Adams, as envoy from the United States, obtained his firſt audience, the king declared, that he anticipated the interview as the moſt critical moment in his life: but he received the new miniſter with gracious affability. "I was the laſt man in the kingdom, Sir," he ſaid, "to conſent to the independence of America; but now it is granted, I ſhall be the laſt man in the world to ſanction a violation of it." This noble and dignified ſentiment, joined with the general deportment of the king, formed ſuch a refutation of the calumnies againſt him, by which revolt had been rendered popular, that Mr. Adams retired agitated and affected in the higheſt degree, and ever after expreſſed and retained a ſtrong attachment to his majeſty's perſon and character.

DRAWING A HIDE.

A Supervifor of the exciſe-office, having viſited a country tanner, with whom he remained over the bottle till after dark, as he was afterwards croſſing the yard, unfortunately fell into one of the tan-pits. He bawled loudly for the tanner to help him out: it was all to no purpoſe: "For," cried the tanner, "if I *draw a hide*, without giving twelve hours notice, I ſhall be exchequered; but I will go immediately, and call the exciſeman."

He did ſo, and the latter arrived juſt in time to ſave the life of his ſuperior in office.

Anſwer, by S. L. M. of Newton Abbot, to R. Maffett's Queſtion, inſerted Auguſt 23.

THE area of a ſegment equal to 336.6 cut from a circle, whoſe diameter is 40, the verſed ſine is requeſted without algebra, which is found to be, by Mr. Bonnycaſtle, problem 13, rule 3, in menſuration, and problem 5, in the conic ſections, to be 12.540.

*** We have received the like anſwer from J. B. Chivers, of St. Auſtell; G. Wills, of Newton Abbot; and M. G. a miner at Aſhburton.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

On the DEATH *of an* INFANT *(an* ONLY CHILD*).*

WHAT means this copious flow of tears?
Why loudly burſts the deep-drawn ſigh?
Whilſt ſaddeſt gloom the aſpect wears,
And ſorrow clouds the languid eye.

Alas! forgive a parent's grief,
If latent pity fills thy breaſt,
From friendſhip's balm pour forth relief,
And charm my anguiſh'd heart to reſt.

My child, the ſource of all my joy!
Snatch'd by the potent arm of death,
Ere crime could taint, or ſins annoy,
Untimely gaſp'd its lateſt breath.

Like as the earlieſt child of ſpring,
Lifts in the morn its fragrant head,
At night receives th' envenom'd ſting,
And all its boaſted bloom is fled.

So in the dawn of infant years,
When artleſs prattlers gave delight,
In ſpite of ardent prayers and tears
Borne from my arms to ſhades of night.

Where ſhall I aid or comfort find?
How ſhall my heart regain repoſe?
The tortures of my harraſs'd mind,
A childleſs parent only knows.

Diſmiſs your griefs, your tears reſtrain,
Lament your much-lov'd child no more;
Knowing that 'tis not loſt in vain,
But gone a little while before.

With meek ſubmiſſion kiſs the rod,
Calmly th' important cauſe review;
Caſting your care upon that God,
Who hourly, daily, cares for you.

Dorcheſter. J. O. ZILLWOOD.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

A GLASS *of* TODDY.

HOW dearly I love a good glaſs of ſtrong toddy,
It quickens the ſpirits, and warms the cold body;
It yields a delightful oblivion to care,
And makes me forget ev'ry cauſe for deſpair.

But often we fill it again and again,
And then enſues folly, and naufea, and pain;

The

The head-ach next morning diſtracts the poor ſot,
And anguiſh attends every retroſpect thought.

Then one glaſs I'll enjoy, and not deem it a fault,
And ſometimes a ſecond, but there make a halt—
For the bounds between prudence and guilt are ſo narrow,
They are as quickly miſtook as "the path of an arrow."

Plymouth. JULIUS.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

WRITTEN BY A VERY YOUNG LADY.

WELCOME! thrice welcome! is this joyful morn,
The day on which the Son of God was born;
O all ye ſons of earth! your voices raiſe,
And let the ſubject of your ſongs be praiſe.

This day a Saviour was in mercy giv'n,
O lift your hearts in gratitude to Heav'n!
O let thankſgiving fill the vaulted ſky!
For in this Saviour all your hopes muſt lie.

The bleſſed Jeſus! (tremble man, and ſee,
How great, how infinite his majeſty!)
The bleſſed Jeſus left his Father's throne
For all thy imperfections to atone.

Eternal God! thy merciful decree
Has given hope to ſuch a wretch as me;
Lord! at thy mercy-ſeat I humbly bend,
Thou ſov'reign goodneſs! to mankind the friend.

This day a promis'd treaſure was reveal'd,
This day the great I AM his promiſe ſeal'd;
A treaſure by the eye of faith foreſeen,
A ſtaff on which the contrite ſoul may lean.

Our bleſs'd Redeemer binds the broken heart,
And teaches ſinners here, with life to part;
He pours a balm into the wounded mind,
And cauſes the diſtreſs'd to be reſign'd.

I'll from my boſom ev'ry trifle tear,
And place thy precepts, O my Saviour! there;
Sum of all goodneſs! not to be expreſs'd,
Grant me a portion of thy heav'nly reſt.

But yet, how weak, how vain are my eſſays,
To give the everlaſting God due praiſe!
While thoſe who are with wiſdom bleſs'd may ſoar,
Mine be the part to wonder and adore.

CLIO.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

A SONNET, *written on being awaked by an Æolian Harp.*

OH! thoſe ſoft Æolian numbers,
Stealing o'er my kind repoſe;
Drive awhile the peaceful ſlumbers
That becalm a mortal's woes.

Whilſt

Whilſt the notes reſound with pleaſures,
Or the diſtant din of arms;
Swift they change to Lydian meaſures,
Breathing ſweet, celeſtial charms.

Thus ſhall bright, ſeraphic legions,
Hail the ſaint's reviving clay,
When it wakes in Lethe's regions
To behold the realms of day.

Amid thoſe ſounds the bliſsful ſoul ſhall ſoar
To thoſe bleſt ſcenes where death is known no more.

Devon. EDWIN.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

The FLY *and* SPIDER.—*A* FABLE.

A Spider, gray in vice, ſurpris'd a fly,
Whoſe virgin bloom allur'd his luſtful eye:
"Delicious orphan! ſhare my guardian power:
"Thy parents fought my garden and my bower;
"And pledg'd me with their honour, and their lives:
"I kill or cure both huſbands and their wives!
"My golden net around the living waves,
"And, glittering, ſhrouds the dead within their graves.
"Full threeſcore winters have I woo'd the fair—
"And yet I breathe a denizen of air;
"A freeman ſtill, I live along the line,
"Fly then to Abraham's boſom, and be mine!"
He ſaid, and ſnatch'd the inſect with his claw—
Not half a meal for his voracious maw!

December, 1802.

To the School-Boy who ſigned C. *in the Entertainer for November* 1.

AS thro' the maze of life, dear C. you go,
Civility will never prove your foe;
Civility's ſmooth notes I've often found
To blunt the points of thorns which mean't to wound.

Lyme, November 8. J. H.

END OF THE FORTIETH VOLUME.

{Goadby, Lerpiniere, and Langdon, Sherborne.}

INDEX

TO THE

FORTIETH VOLUME

OF THE

Weekly Entertainer.

A.

AFRICA, particulars of its intereſting ſtate, 25.
Affluent, hint to the, 216.
Alexander, emperor of Ruſſia, letter from him on the ſubject of the Peterſburgh poor, 425.
Alexander the Great, vindication of him from a ſarcaſm of Pope, 35.
Alvenſleben, Count, ſketch of his life, 436.
Anagrams, 38, 178, 278. Anſwers to, 458.
Ancients, on the imitation of the, 417.
Anecdote, of the intimacy of George I. with the family of Lord Bolingbroke, 1. of the attachment of the Swedes to gaming, 37. of the new and old ferry over the Severn, 77. of the king of Pruſſia, 117, 197. of Louis XV. 157. of a French grenadier, 191. of Paul I. 215. of air balloons, 217. of Captain Cook, 237. of the late Dr. Samuel Johnſon, 277. of M. Diderot, 337. of Mr. Garrow and a miſer, 377. of the Scotch greys, 397. of a young coxcomb, 457. of the king of Portugal, 477. of George III. 517.
Anecdotes of M. Garnerin, 41. of the late Empreſs Catharine II. 131. of Major M'Kerras, 155. of Voltaire, 264. of Major-General Claude Martin, 408. of Dr. Goldſmith, 490.
Antwerp, hiſtorical account of, 149.
Arabian horſes, deſcription of, 427.
Arts in France, ſtate of the, 367.
Aya pana, account of the, 331.

B.

Baya, natural hiſtory of the, 188.
Berry Pomeroy Caſtle, deſcription of the ruins of, 380.
Bickleigh-Shaugh, in Devonſhire, account of an excurſion to that place, 301.
Black beetles, recipe to deſtroy, 416.
Blank verſe, remarks on, 177.
Bonaparte's conduct in Syria, account of, 422.
Bonaparte, Madame, ſketch of her life, 467.
Bones, on the uſe of pulverized, as a manure, 332.
Bon mot, 357.
Bonnet, Karamſin's interview with, 192.
Bryant, character of Jacob, 236.
Burges, deſcription of the monument of Captain, 437.

C.

Calumny, on, 431.
Cancer, new method of curing a, 494.

Cape

Cape of Good Hope, account of its interior, 102.
Caſſon, Mr. particulars of that famous hunter, 297.
Character, deſcription of the moſt eccentric one in London, 121.
Characters, hiſtory of extraordinary, 328, 363, 466.
Charades, 18, 98, 118, 158, 178, 198, 218, 258, 298, 338, 358, 398, 418, 438, 458, 478. Anſwers to, 18, 38, 58, 78, 98, 158, 178, 258, 278, 298, 338, 358, 378, 398, 418, 438, 458, 478.
Chatham, ſketch of the character of the firſt earl of, 101.
Chicken, account of one with a human countenance, 335.
Chivalry, method of education in the times of, 361.
Chriſtian zeal, true, 198.
Chriſtian countries, advantage of the lower orders in, 255.
Chriſtina, portrait of queen, 476.
Church, curious reaſon for not going to, 503.
Copts, Turks, Greeks, &c. characteriſtics of the, 383.
Curates, obſervations on their ſituation, 345.
Curioſity, on fooliſh and criminal, 137.

D.

Death, reflections on, 335.
Decipation, on, 481.
Dei cento cavalli, account of the, 345.
Deliverance, account of a providential, 452.
Deſſe, memoirs of Sir William, 181, 221.
Duel, hiſtory of an extraordinary, 249.
Dwarf, account of a remarkable, 496.

E.

Earthworm, complaint of an, 170.
Elephant hunt at Ceylon, deſcription of, 296.
England, picture of the good people of, 247.
Engliſhmen not bound to anſwer queſtions tending to criminate themſelves, 489.
Engliſh monies, on the ſtate of, 161.
Enigmas, 38, 58, 78, 98, 158, 178, 218, 258, 278, 298, 338, 358, 438, 478, 498. Anſwers to, 118, 158, 218, 238, 258, 298, 358, 418, 438, 458, 498.
Europe, Mr. Belſham's obſervations on, 104.
Execution at Rouen, deſcription of an, 294.

F.

Fact, remarkable, 357.
Fame, thoughts on, 316.
Family, hiſtory of an unfortunate, 306.
Female character, an amiable, 441.
Female influence, on the effects of, 412.
Females, on their dreſs and temper, 269.
Filial affection, pleaſing inſtance of, 190.
Folly, on criminal, 176.
Fortitude, ſingular inſtance of, 212.
France to Geneva, letters written during an excurſion through, 48, 90, 118, 126.
Frankfort Eaſter fair, 1802, account of, 147.
Fraud, ſingular, 338.
French, levity their national characteriſtic, 61.
French funds, ſtate of the, 163.

G.

Garnerin, account of his aſcenſion at Bath, 249. at London, 282.
Genius, neceſſity the cradle of, 256.
Genius, on the power of, 456.
Gentlemen of fortune, hint to, 237.
George III. his mode of life at Windſor, 515.
Germany, particulars of, 461.
Grotto, deſcription of that in Hawkeſtone Park, 151.

H.

Hemlock drop-wort, caution not to eat it, 57.
Henry of Pruſſia, ſketch of that celebrated prince, 197. copy of his will, 286. ſketch of his life, 303.

Hermopolis, deſcription of the porticos of, 482.
Hervey, Rev. James, extract of a letter from, 489.
Hide, drawing a, 517.
Hill, Rev. Rowland, ſketch of his life, 492.
Hints, 77, 96, 157, 276, 297, 317, 376, 437.
Hoſpitals, on the origin of public, 304.

I.

Ibis mummies, deſcription of the, 441.
Indian hunt, particulars of an, 327.

J.

Jones, Paul, account of, written by himſelf, 241, 261, 287, 308, 321.

K.

Kaira, account of, 508.
Killarney, deſcription of the lake of, 365.
Kniſteneaux Indians, account of the, 369, 390.
Knives, ſtate of the manufactory of them at Thiers, 337.
Koningſmark, Count, Mr. Wraxall's hiſtory of his diſappearance from the court of Hanover, 351.

L.

Law caſe, curious, 155.
Laws, on, 136.
Leighton, Archbiſhop, Biſhop Burnet's character of, 430.
Leibnitz, Mr. Gibbon's character of, 21.
Little Dominick, or the Welch ſchoolmaſter and Iriſh pupil, 2, 22.
Longevity, remarkable inſtance of, 415.
Lying, a little ſtory againſt, 257.

M.

Mad dog, Dr. Lettſom's hints reſpecting the cure of its bite, 386, 405.
Malkin, T. William, account of that extraordinary child, 450.
Mancheſter trade, origin of the, 425.
Mandeville and Rouſſeau, compariſon between, 315.
Marine intelligence, new means of procuring, 495.
Militia act, ſummary of the, 396.
Miners, caution to prevent diſaſters to, 37.
Monteſquieu, weakneſs of that celebrated writer, 497.

N.

Nature, reflections on, 117.
Natural hiſtory, curious circumſtances in, 74.
Neapolitan mountebank, the, 445.
New South Wales, amuſing particulars reſpecting, 9.
Nile, M. Denon's deſcription of the battle of the, 261.

O.

Oaths, on the adminiſtration of, 156.
Objects, on their apparent elevation above the horizon, 85.
Old man, account of a remarkable, 175.
Old romance and modern novels, on the, 46.
Old Sarum, account of the late election for, 97.
Originality, incentives to, 497.
Originals and imitations, on the difference between, 417.
Orthography, attempt at ſome improvement in, 6, 477.
Oviparous quadrupeds, on two new kinds of, 356.

P.

Pamroſe, or the palace and the cot, by Madame de Genlis, 473, 483, 504.
Parents and tutors, hints to, 156.
Pariſian faſhions, ſketch of, 375.
Paris, in 1779, as deſcribed by Dr. Moore, 464.
Paris, journal of two days of the life of a lady of, 513.
Paſſions, on violent, 117.
Paternal government in France, inſtances of the, 341.
Patience, on, 195.
Phyſic, remarks on the art of, 417.
Poetry, on, 177.
Politics, general review of, 33, 131, 205, 292, 394, 469.
Prime coſt, ſelling under, 334.

Princely

Princely ſwinding, remarkable inſtance of, 356.
Proſperity and adverſity, on, 16, 33.
Providence, remarkable interpoſition of, 354.

Q.

Quakers, their yearly epiſtle, 26.
Queſtion, an important, and the anſwer to it, 36.
Queſtions, 57, 157, 237, 317, 397, 477. Anſwers to, 77, 217, 277, 357, 457, 517.

R.

Rebuſes, 18, 78, 118, 158, 178, 192, 238, 358, 378, 398, 458, 478, 498. Anſwers to, 18, 38, 98, 238, 258, 278, 298, 338, 358, 378, 398, 498.
Reflections, 17, 32, 57, 116, 137, 196, 216, 236, 436, 477, 496.
Religion, a man's moſtly determined before he is born, 137.
Reſemblance, remarkable, between a paſſage in Menander, and one in the ſcriptural commandments, 317.
Reſentment, on, 56.
Ruſſell, earl of Orford, character of, 516.
Ruſſia, emperor of, interview between him and the king of Pruſſia, 56.

S.

Serioufneſs and gaiety, on, 316.
Shark and the pilot fiſh, ſingular habits of the, 373.
Singularity, on, 76.
Slavery, extraordinary eſcape from, 511.
Sowdon, Captain, account of his aerial excurſion, 29.
Stalactical bridge, deſcription of that at Clermont, 377.
Station, principal ornaments of an exalted, 130.
St. Cloud, account of the palace of, 421.
St. Domingo, intereſting particulars relative to, 501.
Suvarroff, character of, 141.
Sweden, account of the ingenious machines there, 97.
Swiſs bravery, remarkable inſtances of, 381.

T.

Telegraphs, on their invention, 271.
Thebes, deſcription of, 325, 345.
Tiverton, account of the rejoicings there on account of the peace, 10.
Tolly, Rear-Admiral, affecting tribute to his memory, 47.
Touſſaint, memoirs of General, 71, 105.
Trial, the, a tale, 166, 172, 184, 201, 224, 291, 347, 376, 446, 472.
Trials, intereſting, 93, 112, 228, 252, 376.
Turkiſh dinner, deſcription of a, 235.

V.

Vaccine inoculation, Dr. Jenner's account of its origin, 81.
Vendee, account of La, 313.
Verſailles, preſent ſtate of, 147.
Verſes. The firſt news of peace, written at Norwich, by Mrs. Opie, 19. the folly of atheiſm, an ode, by the late Dr. Darwin, ibid. mental fortitude, 20. the invitation, ibid. ſpecimen of orthography, written at the beginning of the late war, 39. to a lady, on a ticket in the lottery, which ſhe had commiſſioned the writer to purchaſe for her, proving a blank, ibid. written at an inn, 40. lines addreſſed to Mr. Bidlake, on peruſing his poem on "Youth," 59. Athlone Caſtle, a legendary tale, ibid. the Andaman's creed and worſhip, 60. epitaph on a projector, ibid. ode to peace, by Mr. R. Bloomfield, 79. the traveller's home, ibid. epitaph on an infant, by Mr. Coleridge, 80. ſtanzas compoſed at Tremarton Caſtle, on the banks of the Tamer, in Cornwall, at the requeſt of ſome young ladies, 99. addreſs of a felon to his child, on the morning of execution, inſcribed to the Philanthropic Society, by Mrs. Opie, 99. on happineſs, 100. verſes, by a pen, which a poet picked up on a gooſe-green, ibid. thoughts in a ſchool, 119.

on

on the death of a young lady, ibid. Euphraſia, at the tomb of her father, 120. the ſad ſtory of Ruth, by Mr. Wordſworth, 138. ſent to a lady, with Shenſtone's works, 140. ſonnet to a watch-chain, ibid. on viſiting Sidmouth, 159. Mr. Bidlake on the recollection of youth in age, ibid. ode to the harveſt-moon, 179. hymn, written among the Alps, by Miſs H. M. Williams, ibid. directions for a tea-vaſe, by the late Dr. Darwin, 180. the emigrant, ibid. the hay-field, by Miſs Seward, 199. on a cheating attorney, 200. the orphan boy's tale, by Mrs. Opie, 219. epigram, ibid. abſence, by the Rev. R. S. ibid. the cloſe of day, 220. on ſeeing the foundation-ſtone laid of Colleton Creſcent, 239. the 'ſquire and his lady, ibid. the partridge, 240. on friendſhip, ibid. the return, by the Rev. R. S. 259. Will and Bet, the cottagers at Park-place, 260. to the evening ſtar, ibid. lines on Prince Henry, ſon of James I. a reflection at ſun-riſe, written in Cornwall, 279. on being accoſted by a proſtitute, ibid. lines addreſſed to Robert Bloomfield, author of the Farmer's Boy, 282. addreſs to Sir Sydney Smith, ibid. William and Mary, 299. a thankſgiving, 300. the conſolation, a tale, ibid. lines ſuppoſed to be written by a lady, deſerted by her lover, ibid. elegy, written by the father, M. Madan, on the death of his ſon, 319. the world, an epigram, 320. harveſt hymn, 338. verſes ſuſpended round the neck of a kitten, preſented to a gentleman by a young lady, 339. addreſs to Maria, 340. ſong, by the late Thomas Little, Eſq. ibid. to a rival muſe, ibid. a ſchool-boy's tour on the ſouth-coaſt, October, 1802, 359. ſonnet, by Hilarius, 360. addreſs to a wife, ibid. addreſs to Miſs H——, 379. hapleſs Kate, the beggar girl, ibid. the Welch mountain boy, 380. the duration of love, ibid. to a friend on his deſpiſing fame, ibid. on honour, ibid. elegy on the death of Miſs Clementina Mayhew, 399. on charity, 400. Edwin's addreſs to Celia, 419. take thy old cloak about thee, ibid. the conſolation, 420. autumn, ibid. addreſs to Maria, ibid. ſun-ſet, by William Ball, Eſq. 439. human grandeur, and its ſpeedy diſſolution, 440. on hearing of the death of Mrs. Tucker, of Axminſter, ibid. on a doctor's conſulting what to take for his armorial bearings, ibid. the dog's apology, 458. the redbreaſt, ibid. the parachute, ibid. reflections of a traveller on ſeeing three men ready for immediate execution, 460. commerce, ibid. the column and the pedeſtal, ibid. epigram on a miſer, 460. the ſeaſons, a paraphraſe on Pſalm cxlvii. 7, 8, 9, 14—18, 479. the contraſted ſcene, by T. Jarvis, 480. on the late Francis Baſſet, Eſq. ibid. on ſhame, ibid. November, by G. England, 499. extempore lines ſent in a whiting's mouth, by a young lady nearly fourteen, to her father in the country, ibid. Celia, ibid. on the death of an infant, only ſixteen months old, 500. time, by Mrs. Hunter, ibid. on the death of Dr. Evans, the celebrated worm-cake compounder, ibid. on the death of an infant (an only child), by J. O. Zillwood, 518. a Chriſtmas hymn, 519. ſonnet, written on being awaked by an Æolian harp, ibid. the fly and ſpider, a fable, 520. to the ſchool-boy who ſigned C. in the Entertainer for November 1, ibid.

W.

War, a tale of, 42, 64.
Warburton, character of Biſhop, 196.
Weather, rules for foretelling the alterations in it by the barometer, 69.
Wealth and greatneſs ſcrutinized, 84.

Weſtminſter election, deſcription of a former, 141.
Wills, Dr. Lettſome's hints reſpecting, 152.
Wine, on the uſe of, 256.
Woman, ſingular inſtance of one who ſpoke without a tongue, 434.
Women of rank and fortune, Miſs More's remarks on their influence in ſociety, 281.
Worceſter china, hiſtory of, 13.

Y.

Young, Dr. intereſting circumſtances relative to his death, 17.